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The Herald, May 30, 1891

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The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891

NO. 17

«CLOTHING.»

We are determined to sell, and have

CUT PRICES

In fact are Sacrificing our stock of CLOTHING. Now is your chance. It must go
Straw Hat Bargains.

\$1.25 Straw Hats for 98 cents
75 cent Straw Hats for 62 cents

\$1.00 Straw Hats for 89 cents.
50 cent Straw Hats for 43 cents.

AT BIRD'S MAMMOTH STORE.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.
The W. R. C. will hold an ice cream social this afternoon and evening.

John Liles, of Jamestown, was in Cedarville, Wednesday on business.

Neil Sweeney accidentally shot himself in his left hand while fooling with a revolver.

Mr. Harry Hannabery, of Philadelphia, is the guest of his cousins Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hannabery for a few weeks.

Ladies light weight undervests, 10 to 50 cents splendid goods. The Fair, Limestone St. near High, Springfield O.

Miss Eva Wylie of Zanesville, O. is spending a short time with her cousin Mrs. Z. T. Phillips and her friend Miss Gertrude Dean after attending the Convention at Xenia.

Ladies, Children's and Men's hose from 10c up to 50c. These goods are the very best in the market for the money. The Fair, Limestone St. near High, Springfield, O.

Lea Shrodes met with a serious accident in Jamison's woods Tuesday. He was hauling wood and had just loaded his wagon when the standard broke allowing the wood to roll on the horses which started to run, and he was thrown to the ground falling on his head and cracking his skull. He was also badly bruised about his face and body, but is not considered dangerous by any means.

W. H. Lealand has decided not to go to Chicago where he had a lucrative position offered him in a hotel at that city, but has instead leased the Aviline hotel at Ft Wayne, Ind., one of the finest hotels in that state, for a period of five years at \$5,000 a year, and will commence business for himself, taking charge the first of June. Wills many friends here in Cedarville wish him abundant success in his new venture.

Last evening Harry Kildow, mindful of the scriptural injunction that "it is not good for a man to be alone" took unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Mary Lindsey. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Harrick of the M. E. Church, at the parsonage. Mr. Kildow is an employee of the Butter Dish factory, and has many friends who will join with the Herald in congratulating him and his happy bride. —Anderson Ind. Herald.

Harry is a former citizen of Cedarville, his parents now live here, and his friends in this locality are glad to be able to join with those in Anderson in tendering their congratulations.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Miss Eva Wylie, of Zanesville, is visiting Miss Gertrude Dean.

James Pollock was in Columbus this week attending the meeting of the state board of Agriculture, of which he is a member

All silks, satin edge ribbon Nos 7, 9, only 10 cts a yard, worth 15. 20 cts. The Fair, Limestone St. near High, Springfield, Ohio.

Mrs. Belle McMillan left last evening for Monmouth, Ill., on an extended visit with her son, Prof. J. H. McMillan.

To expose the body of a person who has died with a malignant disease should not be tolerated. That this was done here this week, is to be deplored and the board of health should at once pass stringent rules prohibiting the repetition of such action.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Booth, formerly of Cedarville, but now a resident of Dayton, died Tuesday with diphtheria and was buried Wednesday afternoon at this place. An older child lies very sick with the same disease at Xenia and fears are entertained that she will not recover.

Auditor of State Poe is sending out to county auditors notice of the rates per centum required by the General Assembly to be levied for State purposes. They are as follows: For general revenue fund, one mill and four-tenths of one mill; for Ohio State university fund, one-twentieth of one mill; for State common school fund, one mill; total two and forty-five hundredths mills.

There is some talk that it will be necessary to add another teacher to the corps in our public schools on account of the number of scholars. One room is reported to have about sixty pupils. Another plan the board have in contemplation is to take the higher grades from the grammar department and add them to the high school and divide the next room giving its highest grades into the hands of the grammar school teacher.

Ed. Spencer had a close call this week and for a day it was supposed he would not get well. While eating his dinner Tuesday he swallowed a piece of bone which lodged in his throat completely stopping it up. Dr. J. O. Stewart was summoned and he worked with his patient all day before he succeeded in dislodging the obstruction. Ed. is now out of danger and is about ready to again resume his business.

Hon. H. L. Morey, late congressman from our late district, was in our city on Saturday last "on business." There was considerable curiosity in the minds of some persons to know just what was the occasion of his presence here and whether there was to be any political significance attached to it. Others thought there must be some legal case calling for the gentleman's personal attention. You are probably all wrong, gentleman. Mr. Morey has quite an interest in the street railway down at Hamilton, and as the company has lately put in a modern and improved plant, there are a number of fairly good old-fashioned cars, as well as horses, mules, &c., left on hand. What if he thought the old stock good enough to equip a new street-railroad in Xenia, and was up here spying out the land?—Xenia Republican.

Republican County Convention

The Republican voters of each township and ward in Greene county are requested to assemble at their several precincts, and usual voting places, on Saturday, (today) June 6th, to select their apportionment of delegates to the County Convention, to be held at the opera house, Xenia, Saturday, June 13, at 2 o'clock p. m., which convention will select delegates to the state and other conventions and determine such questions, and take such action as usually devolves upon a mass meeting of the party.

The Central Committee have made the apportionment so that the Convention may be a large one and truly representative of the best elements of the party, and at the same time give to each township and ward an equal voice in the deliberations of the Convention in proportion to its Republican strength. The number of delegates will be on a basis of one to every 20 votes cast for secretary of state at the last state election, as follows:

Fairfield, 6 Osborn, 7
Beaver creek, 10 Cedarville, 17
Caesars creek, 7 Jefferson, 8
Clifton, 3 Yellow Springs, 13
New Jasper, 8 Ross, 6
Silvercreek, 19 Spring Valley, 10
Sugar creek, 8 Xenia, 19
Xenia City, 1st ward, 10; 2d ward, 9; 3d ward, 10; 4th ward, 13; 5th ward, 6; 6th ward, 8.

Let the Republicans of each precinct be alive to the importance of the occasion, attend the primary meeting, and select good men to represent them at the County convention.

By ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

The bills are out for a great sale of carriages, buggies and all kinds vehicles at Hopkins Manufacturing Co., at Xenia, June 4.

LOCALS.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

Avena, Oatmeal
Cracked wheat
Granulated Hominy
Farino, Parched Farinose at GRAY'S.

Farming Implements of all description at Andrew & Bro.
Go to Dean & Barber's, for fresh meats of all kinds.

Baby carriages, some of the latest styles in the market at Barr & Morton's.

Pure Pine tar at Ridgway's.
Paint and Varnish Brushes at Ridgway's.

Winnow glass and Putty at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Highest market price paid for wheat at ANDREW & BRO.

Fish at GRAY'S.

Carriage Sponges at Ridgway's.

Get your buggy painted at Wolford's.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Paints in all size packages and colors at Ridgway's.

Parties wishing a good buggy at low price, call for the Springfield buggy—a specialty at Andrew & Bro.

New Styles of stationery at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at GRAY'S.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at GRAY'S.

J. M. Bull keeps "Ed's Best." Call for it and get the best 5 cent cigar you ever smoked.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

Smoke "Ed's Best," the best 5 cent cigar in town at Bull's.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.

Our Stock of Patent Medicines is complete at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Go to Wolford's for the genuine Brown cultivators.

Choice fencing at Mitchell's.

Picket and wire fence at Mitchell's.

No Flies on the

Screen Doors at Mitchell's.

Butter, Jersey, Milk Crackers at GRAY'S.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.

Barr & Morton have a full line of beds, bedsprings and mattresses etc.

Barr & Morton would like to have you call and see their elegant line of resters.

Saddles, bridles and harness of all descriptions at Andrew Bros.

A fine line of folding lounges at Barr & Morton's.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at Crouse & Bull's.

Tobacco and Cigars at GRAY'S.

Gasoline stoves, all patterns, qualities and prices at Crouse & Bull's.

Oranges, Bananas and Lemons, at McCorkell's.

Picture Frames made to order at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Healing Powder for galled shoulders at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

We will close out the remainder of our Lamp stock at cost

Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Jacob Seigler has opened his ice cream parlors and will now furnish the Washington cream, the finest in the county. Young man, take your best girl to "Jake's" parlors and give her a large elegant dish of cream.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's.

The best place in town to buy meat of all kinds is at C. W. Crouse's. Try him.

Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at GRAY'S.

Money saved by buying furniture of Barr & Morton's.

Screen doors, all sizes and kinds at Crouse & Bull's.

Buy your bed room suits of BARR & MORTON.

Call and see the step ladder chair at Crouse & Bull's.

A nice line of rockers at Barr & Morton's.

Rolled Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at GRAY'S.

Chamois Skins at Ridgway's.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

Choice garden seed, two packages for 5 cents at Andrew & Bro.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

AVENGED AT LAST; Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."
(Copyright, 1920.)

CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED.
"Poor, dear old man," said Mrs. Delaro, "he has long been laid to rest in the quiet graveyard of his native town in New England." As she spoke these words Percy was silent, and it was many minutes before he could control his voice to speak. When he did his words came choked and husky—"Would to God that he had lived to see this villain brought to justice! So my staunch old friend is gone from us!"

More than an hour elapsed before Armida and Mr. Blodger returned. When they did return Armida was in sorrowful mood, and said that she had seen Eugene. He had admitted bursting open the desk, but insisted that he did not want the money. What he did desire he would not tell.

"What shall we do, mamma?" she asked. "He must not go to prison. Think of the disgrace!"

"We will consult a lawyer in the morning and see what we can do about it," responded her mother.

That night was the happiest Mrs. Delaro had spent for many a year, and long and steadily did she talk with Percy about all that had transpired during his long absence, while Leon Velasquez and his dupe languished in prison.

In due course the accused man was brought up for an examination. Mrs. Delaro in a firm voice related the history of the murder and swore to the identity of the prisoner. So positive and straightforward did her evidence



"I AM NOT YOUR HUSBAND AND NEVER HAVE BEEN."

seem that it appeared hardly necessary to call Percy Lovel. Still he was placed in the witness box and gave an account of his adventure in South America. He also told about the final elow of the silver-charm which had satisfied him as to the identity of the prisoner, and in a few moments the presiding magistrate committed Velasquez to jail to await the arrival of his extradition papers.

The same day Eugene Bregy was brought up at another London police court and, despite the efforts of the lawyer employed to defend him, he was sent to jail for a short time.

All this time his anxious mother was expecting news of him at Nice, where she still grew tired of waiting and came to London. The first place she went to was the address which Armida had given her. While Armida gladly welcomed the poor woman, it was with a sorrowful heart that she told her the story of the last few days. "But Mr. Emerick is in New York," she said. "He told me he was going there."

"Then he did it to mislead you," said Armida, "for he is now in jail awaiting removal to America to be tried on a charge of murder."

"What! my husband a murderer?" cried the poor woman.

"Why, you surely said he was not your husband?" said Mrs. Delaro. "But he is. He told me so, and he has got all my money," said the now distracted woman.

Mrs. Delaro was immediately struck with an idea. "Ah, he has deluded you into believing it in order to rob you of your fortune," she said. "No, no!" cried Mrs. Bregy. "He is my husband, my Alphonse, and I must go and see him."

To pacify the woman a carriage was procured and she was taken to the jail where Leon Velasquez was confined.

He was brought into the cage to see her and she at once approached him—"Alphonse, they say you are not my husband. But it is not true, is it?"

"I am not your husband, and never have been," he said, in almost indistinct tones.

"Then why did you say you were?" she said.

"I wanted your money," was the cool rejoinder. He knew his end was near and he cheerfully set the poor woman's mind at rest. But she had to be carried out of the room in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Tis not my will that evil be triumphant."

tal." It is well for us that, while on this earth every thing good and beautiful is short-lived, passing speedily away, evil and wrong are also but a question of time, and have their end. "All things come to him who will wait!"

Leon Velasquez's power of evil spread itself over a long and busy lifetime. He had held half-way from the day he had entered his teens until his hair was turning gray. With the exception of the few years when he posed as an honest merchant, his active mind had always been bent on evil. He had caused the innocent to suffer for the guilty; had robbed men of the hard-earned accumulations of years, and women of their virtue; had stained his hands in blood until murder came as natural to him as the killing of a bullock to a butcher; he had drawn better natures down to evil and made them the study of his life. But the day of retribution was fast closing in upon him. The murder of Maria Delaro was soon to be avenged, and before long he would realize the awful justice of the old Mosaic law—"A life for a life." And yet how poor a recompense. Robbed of her life happiness when it was just beginning to assert itself, all that the victim's widow received in return was the knowledge that retribution had finally overtaken the one who had robbed her of her treasure.

And, compared to Velasquez, what a fearful price had she paid to secure revenge. The best part of her life had been spent; wasted, in fact, in running to earth a monstrosity who had at last fallen into her hands through sheer accident (as the greater part of the world would say), though there are those who would see in such an accident the wonderful machination of an unrelenting Ruler, who has said: "Vengeance is mine."

Never until now had Velasquez reflected on the possible results of the repulsive acts of his life. His immunity from discovery had only tended to harden his soul and he had ever been prompted by one impulse only—greed for wealth—which when acquired had never brought him any genuine pleasure. He had never once stopped to think of the price his victims paid to satisfy his own insatiable desires. He had been absorbed in self and had lived a life in which none others shared a part. But now that the hellish conceits of his debased mind could only spend themselves on four prison walls, he was forced to think.

Leon Velasquez, running riot as one of the most active of the devil's emissaries, had never paused to think of the exactness with which God's mills grind all, had never thought it worth his while to consider that those who escape the mills the longest are in the end ground more quickly and relentlessly. He was in the mills now and the great stones were beginning to revolve; so closely, so surely increasing the speed of their revolutions every moment, never to cease grinding until the grist should be fine as the finest powder.

His nights grew restless, sleep almost forsook him, and the little snatches of napping which he did sometimes secure were only fitful slumbers disturbed by horrible dreams which brought to his mind in turn, like a moving panorama, the scenes of his devilish acts. Bold as he had been through life, he now shuddered under the shadow of the gallows, and so fearful was the mental torture that at times he wished that the end might be speedy.

When the bolts shot into their sockets across his prison door all hope fled, and he knew full well that he would, after all these years of liberty, meet the penalty of his greatest crime. From the hour of his arrest he had been moody, and entirely ceased to speak to those who approached him. He neither expressed a hope of escape nor murmured at his fate. Some imagined that the terrible vision of a just punishment were perhaps the cause of his silence, though others avowed that he was only meditating a bold and final plunge for liberty. Be that as it might, he persisted in a morose reticence.

While he lingered in prison Mrs. Delaro and her friends were taking a rest from the intense excitement at a pretty little English watering place, trying in vain to forget for a time the final tragedy in which they must take an important part.

Mr. Blodger had been completely outdone by the scenes he had witnessed. He made a hurried determination to return to America and never again assist at such exciting performances. He received so severe a nervous shock that all the poetry of his soul was crushed out, and he was compelled to postpone for an indefinite period the writing of an ode to Father Thames, in which he had avowed his intention of putting a vast amount of research, labor and thought. The world was thus robbed of another literary gem.

He was true to his word, and a week after Velasquez's incarceration Mr. Blodger's little party of friends accompanied him to Euston station and bade him "God speed" on his journey home.

About five weeks later Mrs. Delaro, Armida and Percy returned to London to meet the American detectives, who had arrived with the extradition papers. It required but a short space of time to perfect the arrangements for Velasquez's removal to California soil, where the law required that he should take his trial for the crime of murder. Every-body concerned was anxious to start as soon as possible, and it was arranged that the prisoners should be taken by the same steamer as the others, and no one made any demur to this except Armida. When she heard the decision she said: "We must not travel on the

same ship with that man. I am sure something dreadful will happen—he will be a veritable Jonah."

"What nonsense you talk, my child. Each absurd foreboding never enters my mind," said her mother.

But Percy proffered a suggestion. "If you did not prefer sailing on some other vessel, I will secure passage for you. For my part, I do not wish to leave the prisoner again, until I leave him in a felon's grave. I want to know all the time that he is safe."

"Exactly my feelings in the matter," said Mrs. Delaro.

This seemed to settle the question, for Armida said: "Then, since you are



"HERE PERCY PROFFERED A SUGGESTION."

determined, I suppose I must consider myself overruled."

Consequently, arrangements were completed and a few days later the party started for Liverpool.

The ship on which their passage had been secured was the "Dunrobin Castle." It was an unpopular steamer, and had been purposely selected to avoid publicity and gossip on account of the prisoner. As they steamed down the Mersey and over the bar today was one of the most enjoyable which could have been wished for. There was a delightful breeze blowing from the sea, and the temperature was agreeable.

With this kind of weather they were favored until they passed the Fastnet Point, when a deep fog settled on them. This in turn passed away by the evening of the next day, and they were once more steaming under sunny skies. But only for about twenty-four hours, at the end of which time they encountered a storm and were tossed about in a violent manner for days together. The old steamer which carried them was none too good a seaboat at the best of times, but now she acted in a most eccentric manner and seemed entirely at the mercy and will of the waves.

Neither Mrs. Delaro nor Percy had as yet felt alarmed, but Armida, who was, in the most favorable weather, only a poor sailor, experienced terrible torture and claimed her mother's attention all the time. What with the state of the weather and the cries and moans which rose from the emigrants in the steerage, the "Dunrobin Castle" was any thing but the pleasantest place on the Atlantic.

For days together the raging storm continued, and it was not until the slow old boat had been ten days at sea that the tempest subsided. When it did there was a worse danger in store for them. They were on the Newfoundland banks in a fog, so thick that the officers on the bridge were entirely unable to see the ship's nose, as she plunged through the heavy swell left by the storm. The fog-whistle's continuous roar only added to the general confusion which reigned on board, and when the responding whistle of a passing steamer was heard it only increased the dread and apprehension of the passengers. After about thirty-six hours of this commotion the people quieted down and many seemed to have become as much accustomed to it as old seadogs with the experience of a life-time. But at daybreak one morning a dull, heavy thud was felt through the vessel, and a second later shrieks and cries rent the air, which would have made the heart of any listener other than an old sea captain stand still. Then followed a few moments of suspense which were quickly changed to horror when the engineers ran up on deck shouting: "The ship is filling. To the boats!"

Then followed the rush of hurrying, scurrying humanity from the steerage, terror plainly graven on every face, while over and above the noise and confusion rang out the resonant tones of the Captain's voice shouting orders to the boatswain. The force of habit appeared even on that scene of danger as the sailors shouted: "Heave Ho," while they lowered the life-boats from their davits. Louder than all these sounds and far above the general excitement reigning on the "Dunrobin Castle" could be heard the shrieking whistles of the steamer which had struck her, and which was rounding to, in order to give all possible assistance in saving the lives of those on board the fast sinking boat.

It was not long before the unknown steamer was visible alongside, and then commenced the work of transferring the passengers—not an easy matter in a raging sea. The patience of the officers was tried to the utmost. Strong, rude men would try to push women and children aside in their wild efforts to be first to enter the life-boats, only to be driven back by the ship's officers at the noise of their revolvers. Occasionally one more daring than the rest would thrust

a woman aside and try to pass her, but with a blow from the butt end of his revolver, the captain would knock him senseless, with the promise of similar treatment to the next who should dare to make the attempt.

All this time the ship was rapidly filling and it became apparent that a peradventure that before many more minutes the "Dunrobin Castle" would sink forever into the depths of the ocean. It required several trips of the life-boats to transfer all the passengers, but this difficult task was finally accomplished. The last load was being taken and none but the officers were supposed to be on board, when suddenly the two detectives in charge of Velasquez came rushing up the companion ladder excitedly exclaiming: "We can not reach the prisoner! What shall we do?"

"There should have been thought of this," said the Captain. "Follow me!" he shouted. "We will rescue him if it is possible!"

But him go, said one of the detectives. "He'll be hung anyhow." But the Captain knew that although the prisoner was accused, he was not yet found guilty and his brave heart would not permit him to leave even such a cur as Velasquez to a horrible death without an effort to rescue him.

Accompanied by one of the officers the big-hearted commander hurried down the steps on to the cabin-deck, from whence he attempted to descend to the lower deck on which Velasquez was confined. But brave as the old Captain was, there was an obstacle in the way which even he was powerless to overcome. The water was up too high and the rescuers could go no further. Already the imprisoned man must be driven back to his bunk near the top of the room in which he was confined; the wretched prisoner could not pass out now alive, and certainly none could reach him. Doubtless he was alive—just alive—his life's span now to be measured by moments. Now he could see how relentlessly the mills of retribution grind—so surely—so surely—aye, and so quickly, so much more quickly sometimes than even those who manipulate the machinery of the mills can foresee. Almost Velasquez had paid to the uttermost the penalty of his crime committed long years before in the sunny Californian valley—almost!

The ship might go down at any moment now, and unless his would-be rescuers at once retraced their steps they might go down with it, so with regrets the Captain led the way to the deck. Sorrowfully he took his place in the life-boat, and, as the sailors pulled away, he looked longingly at the old ship that had carried him through so many thousands of miles of fair and stormy weather. Before they reached the waiting steamer the "Dunrobin Castle" settled on her beam ends and sank in old ocean with a mighty rush, taking with her, to a higher tribunal than that of man, Leon Velasquez.

It was a tragic death. In some sense it was too grand a death for so mean a man—to exchange the ignominy of the gallows and the felon's grave in a prison yard for a burial beneath the rolling waves of the Atlantic, confined in a noble ship. And yet it was a horrible end—a lonesome, solemn end, for the man who had lived in tumult and excitement all his days to meet the Grim Monster and Great Avenger alone with his torturing memories of the past—to know, while the merciless flood closed over him, that he died unmourned and unregretted.

Perhaps it was a poor satisfaction to the widow of Mario Delaro to know that her husband's murderer, the destroyer of her happiness, was never convicted of his crime—but when Leon Velasquez, one of the meanest villains who ever trod this earth, went into the unseen world to meet his Maker, it surely was a powerful illustration of that infallible truth:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands He waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

Not long ago a small wedding party passed down the carpeted steps of a church in New York City. The principals of that party were a handsome, sunburned man of forty years and a lovely woman many years younger. They seemed very happy—they were very happy. They were Percy Lovel and his wife—whom we have known so long as Armida Delaro.

On the same day there left, from one of the poorer French lodging-houses near Leicester Square, London, a funeral hearse and one mourner's carriage. In that hearse lay the body of Emilie Bregy, and in the carriage was a man who looked the picture of misery—his name was Eugene Bregy—a living example of "what might have been."



"THE END."

Frank.
"Do you want to buy a fine diamond, Jack?"
"No. But why don't you let Tom Drayliff see it. He is a connoisseur of diamonds."

"That is just why I didn't show it to him."—Light.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectively, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."

PETER J. BRIALS, JR., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

BILE BEANS

STAND ALONE

AS BILE MOVERS.

They dispel poisonous bile from the system, thereby curing all bilious attacks, constipation, headache, neuralgia, dysentery, and all stomach and liver disorders.

Two sizes, one price.
BILE BEANS, 25 in each bottle. One a dose.
BILE BEANS SMALL, 10 in each bottle, 5 to 4 a dose.

Sugar Coated.
Pleasant as candy.
Sold by Druggists.
25 cents per bottle.

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
255 & 257 Greenwich Street,
New York City.

FLAGS The Best U.S. BUNTING

ANN FOLDS BY
O. W. SIMMONS & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS. DEALERS IN MILITARY GOODS.

"THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,"
BEECHAM'S PILLS
FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.
"With a delicate taste and sold for 25 CENTS."
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HAY FEVER CURES TO STAY CURED.
We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address: J. H. Hays, U.S., Dallas, T.X.

of Figs



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectively, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."

PETER J. BRIALS, JR., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

BILE BEANS

STAND ALONE

AS BILE MOVERS.

They dispel poisonous bile from the system, thereby curing all bilious attacks, constipation, headache, neuralgia, dysentery, and all stomach and liver disorders.

Two sizes, one price.
BILE BEANS, 25 in each bottle. One a dose.
BILE BEANS SMALL, 10 in each bottle, 5 to 4 a dose.

Sugar Coated.
Pleasant as candy.
Sold by Druggists.
25 cents per bottle.

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
255 & 257 Greenwich Street,
New York City.

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ANN FOLDS BY
O. W. SIMMONS & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS. DEALERS IN MILITARY GOODS.

"THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,"
BEECHAM'S PILLS
FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.
"With a delicate taste and sold for 25 CENTS."
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HAY FEVER CURES TO STAY CURED.
We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address: J. H. Hays, U.S., Dallas, T.X.

TWO CAPTAINS.



ALL, no, I wasn't
a soldier, but
somehow I al-
ways feel
bound
To lead a hand de-
coratin' when-
ever the day
comes around.
I didn't go out with
no rifle, the
same that my
gran'father
bore,
But I can't help
havin' the feel-
in' that some-
way I fit in the
war.

You see it was this
way. When
Lincoln came into the president's chair,
an' some states began secedin', an' rum-
mors of war filled the air.
Our boys had just grown up to manhood,
strong, patriotic an' bright,
an' so they were ready for fightin' for what
they believed to be right.

Now mother were kind of romantic, an' talked
of the rights of the state,
But the nation my gran'father fit for seemed
all right to me up to date.
An' so we was kind of divided on which were
the way it should be.
An' Edward, he sided with mother, an' Will-
iam, he sided with me.

An' after some time of hard fightin', an' neither
seemed gainin' the day,
Why, William, he went for the union, an' Ed-
ward, he went for the gray.
An' mother an' me kept on tendin' the farm,
as we'd done for long years,
Both wishin' the war it were over; it brought
to us sadness an' tears.

An' when there were news of a battle, no mat-
ter which side it were won,
We knew that success of one side meant the
certain defeat of one son.
I heard them there guns at South Mountain
boomin' as plain as could be,
An' I thought that the noise it were thunder,
so I looked up at Father's knee to see.

If the storm it were comin' towards us, for the
way it passed over would show
Whether we'd catch the rain, or if, leas'twise,
would print out the way it would go.
So I looked at the sky, and then mother, she
came to the door with a sigh,
An' she said: "I reckon they're fightin'."
"They're fightin' yes, mother," says I.

At last the long fight were nigh ended, the ter-
rible struggle near done,
An' we hoped that the time were approachin'
when we could once more have a son.
Well, man he makes plans for the future ship
way he would like things to be,
But God it is who disposes an' fixes the final
decease.

At Petersburg Grant went a-poundin', deter-
mined on winnin' the day,
An' both of our captains was in it—one captain
in blue, one in gray.
An' after the battle were over they lay in
tents side by side.
Our boys, they'd never come home, for they fit,
an' they fell; an' they died.

One died for the union he fit for, a victor who
gained but a grave;
The other for states' rights fell bleedin', a
martyr defeated yet brave.
Each gave up his life for his duty, as duty ap-
peared in his sight;
Each fit an' each fell like a hero, an' God alone
knows which were right.

An' so I come out every season, an' brings
along laurel an' bay
To put on the graves of the heroes who fell on
both sides of the fray;
An' though I wasn't no soldier, an' never no
freelock bore,
I can't help but havin' the feelin' that some-
way I fit in the war.
—Harry J. Shellman, in Harper's Weekly.

NOT A COWARD.

Hasty Words That Caused Many
Years of Weary Waiting.



HEN this is your
final decision,
Marion," said
Hugh Curtis,
pausing sudden-
ly in his rapid
walk up and
down the room.
"It most cer-
tainly is," re-
plied the hang-
ty girl, flashing
a disdainful look
at the white,
agitated face be-
fore her.

"You do real-
ly wish me to
go away from
you forever?"
"That's what
I said. Is it not
enough?"

"Yes," he answered, bitterly, "I un-
derstand." And yet he looked at her
longingly, his dark eyes pleading elo-
quently for a detaining word.
Marion winced under his critical
gaze, her cheeks flushed deeply and her
eyes grew bright with anger. "Why don't
you go?" she demanded, passion-
ately.

"I am going, Marion, but before I
leave let me warn you against admit-
ting that scoundrel, Thane Lenox, into
your heart and home," exclaimed
Hugh, trying to steady his voice.

"Save yourself the trouble, he is a
scoundrel or not, Thane Lenox is a
coward. He said all the taunting,
mean things he could think of right to
your face, but even when he struck
you, you refused to resent the insult."

"He was drunk, Marion, and I could
not suffer my name to be raised up in
such a brawl."

"You were too cowardly to defend
yourself, and you were not brave enough to
make. Had I been beaten in public
as you were nothing but blood would
have satisfied me."

"I am not tired of living, Marion,
neither do I wish to go through life
with the brand of Cain upon my brow,"
answered Hugh, his face as pale as
snow.

"Then you do not intend to return

alder your decision? You will not fight
him?"

"Most certainly I will not, Marion."
"Not even if I demand it?"
"Not even if you demand it," was the
firm reply.

"Hugh Curtis, you are too cowardly
to merit the regard of any high-spirited
woman. The whole village is sneering
at you. 'Hugh Curtis, coward,' that is
what you have won by your lack of
bravery."

"You do not understand everything,
Marion. I may be a coward, but I have
always been true to you."

"Stop that silly sentiment. Go, I say,
before you drive me mad!"
Without another word Hugh turned
away, and from the window she saw
him going with rapid strides down the
path that led to the public highway.

Once she rose to her feet, determined
to call him back, but he neither turned
his head to the right nor left, and she
sat down again, muttering: "Let him
go; he will be back soon; I can stand it
as long as he can."

In spite of her determination to be
brave, the warm tears crept up to her



"I MAY BE A COWARD, BUT I HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN TRUE TO YOU."

eyes, dimming her vision and thus shut-
ting out the loved one from view.

The two had been lifelong friends,
and though their lips had never ex-
changed formal vows, she had worn his
ring for many happy months, and all
the neighbors understood that some day
Hugh Curtis would make Marion Jewell
his wife.

At his mother's knee, Hugh had im-
bibed his peculiar ideas of keeping the
peace, and in his boyhood he had often
been unmercifully twitted for allowing
his companions to impose upon him.

This was not the first time that he had
been called a coward, and as he walked
slowly along the dusty road that bright
May morning, he began to wonder if,
after all, his conscientious scruples
might not be merely a convenient cloak
under which to hide his cowardly nature.

It was the first time that Marion had
ever accused him of being a coward,
and she would not have done it now
had she not loved him too well to hear
his name bandied about by the man
who had provoked the trouble. Thane
Lenox's faultless attire and fine city
airs were calculated to dazzle the little
country maid, and it is no doubt quite
true that she felt flattered by the atten-
tion he lavished upon her; still her
heart was loyal to Hugh, although she
could not help wishing that his man-
ners were more polished, and that he
had enough grit to stand up for his
rights when trampled upon by the city
dandy. That night she robbed herself
in the dress he most admired, and
with repentant words, her lips, wait-
ed for his coming, but her waiting was
in vain.

"I will write him a note in the morn-
ing," she said to herself, as she lay
tossing to and fro upon her sleepless
couch; but when the morning came she
heard that he had joined Col. Arm-
strong's volunteers and was already
many miles away.

The blow fell with crushing weight
upon her aching heart, but she was
proud, and to hide her disappointment
accepted the attentions of young
Lenox, the man above all others she
most despised.

Hugh did not write as she hoped he
would, and in the letters that came
back to other associates he never so
much as mentioned her name.

He had left his mother in the care of
his brother Ben, and Ben's wife, who
was something of a gossip, kept him
well posted concerning Marion Jewell's
flirtation. Hugh endured the torture
in silence, until the thoughtless woman
repeated the report of a wedding close
at hand, and then he begged her never
again to mention the name of Marion
Jewell, a name that had once been so
dear to him.

Marion's eyes lost their sparkle and
her face grew thin and white with
weary waiting, but she never com-
plained, and except that she was a
little more thoughtful than in old days,
no outward change was visible in her
conduct.

When Thane Lenox went back to the
city people, and that he had grown tired
of the rustic beauty and had cast her off
just as she had done poor Hugh, and they
did not pity her either. But they were
wrong; for his going was a great relief
to her, and had they known her loyalty
to her favorite, they would have been
more considerate in their censure.

The report that came back from time
to time of Hugh's conduct on the battle-
field proved that he was anything but
a coward, and others besides Marion
had cause to regret the hasty words
she had spoken in the heat of the moment.

The months dragged slowly along, and
in two whole years were gone, and

Marion was beginning to look forward
to the time when Hugh's time would
expire, but her days of waiting ended
suddenly, when, with the news of the
conquest on Lookout mountain she
learned that Hugh's life had been part
of the price paid for the victory. That
he had died at his post did not ease the
pain at her heart, and after the pine
box containing what his comrades sent
home as his mangled body was laid
away by the side of his dead kindred,
she shed many bitter tears over the fresh-
made grave.

But Hugh Curtis did not sleep in that
quiet tomb, for far away under a south-
ern sky he tossed to and fro upon his
couch in a prison hospital. He was
not exchanged until the war closed, and
then, knowing that his friends had
long ago given him up as dead, he deter-
mined never to deceive them, but to
make for himself a lonely home in the
sunny south.

The years came and went until more
than a score was gone, and yet in all
that time Hugh had never heard a word
from the old home, nor looked upon a
face that was once familiar. Still he
was restless and discontented, and the
yearning in his heart for the old home
and old associates was at times almost
beyond endurance.

One morning—it was in May, 1882,—
just twenty-one years after Marion had
spurned him from her as a coward, he
determined to gratify his longings by
paying a visit to his native town.

There was some delay in the journey,
but early on the second morning after he
left his southern home he stepped up-
on the platform of the little hamlet
where his boyhood days had been spent.

The village itself had not changed
much, but all the faces he looked into
were strange, and no one seemed to
recognize the gray-haired man passing
along the quiet street. At first he did
not understand the meaning of the
flags and flowers that were displayed
in such profusion on almost every
dwelling, but after a moment's thought
he recollected that it was the 30th of
May, Decoration day in the north.

Not wishing to disturb Ben's folks so
early in the morning, he turned into
the cemetery to read the names upon
stones that had been placed there since
he went away.

"I wonder if there are any new
graves in our old burying ground," he
said aloud, crossing over to the other
side of the cemetery. "Ah, there is
one—a soldier's grave," he said, stooping
down to read the name on the marble
slab. "My God! it is my own epitaph
I am reading!" he exclaimed, start-
ling back quickly.

Just at that moment a slight figure,
carrying a cross made entirely of white
flowers, came through the pine thicket
beyond, and laid the offering on the
grave—his grave.

She did not utter a word, but tears
fell thick and fast over that grave, dug
nearly a score of years before. He
could not see her face and thought it

must be Lottie, Ben's eldest girl, who
was a mere baby when he went away.
"Is that you, Lottie?" he asked, taking
a step forward.

Instantly the woman rose to her
feet, and he stood face to face, not with
Ben's Lottie, but with Marion Jewell.
"Has the grave given up its dead?"
she asked, recognizing Hugh in spite
of his changed appearance.

"The grave never held me, Marion,"
he answered. "Marion, Marion—what
shall I call you?"

"Call me Marion Jewell, just as you
used to," was the reply.

There is but little more to tell. There,
with that grave between them, they
went over the long, bitter past, then
while Hugh went to gladden the heart
of his old mother, Marion hurried
across the fields to prepare for the wed-
ding that was to take place at sundown.
Three times seven years had passed
away since last they met, but their
hearts were still tender and true, and
after many days the weary waiting was
at an end.—Mrs. Belle V. Chisholm, in
Christian Inquirer.



SHE DID NOT UTTER A WORD.

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French Cookery.

Jules Simon writes concerning the
progress of cooking in other lands and
the talk of its deterioration in France:
"We have a patriotic reason for keep-
ing select the art of eating. It is, or
it was, a French art. I still believe
that our cooks are the first in the
world. Our cooking is first, as our lan-
guage and our milliners are first in
universal estimation. But all these
things we are in danger of losing. An
admirable association has been formed
to protect our language, there ought to
be likewise a French union for protect-
ing our cuisine. It is one of Gar-
bette's triumphs to have understood
Trompette's genius."—N. Y. Sun.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A GROWING EVIL.

Victims of the Drink Demon Constantly
Increasing in Numbers.

As everyone knows, the cities of the
United States are the strongholds of the
rum power. Our largest one, New
York, has a population of 1,500,000. Its
liquor traffic each year is over \$80,000,
000, while the support of its churches
of all denominations costs but \$3,000,
000 a year. With a population of 62,
000,000 in the whole country, we spend
about \$900,000,000 a year for rum, and it
costs \$400,000,000 a year for the support
of our prisons, poorhouses and asy-
lums, three-fourths of whose inmates
are there from causes directly or re-
motely dependent upon the use of rum.

During the past twenty years, the
temperance reform has made great
progress in the United States, and the
proportion of those who abstain entire-
ly from the use of rum in any form is
much greater now than ever before.
Yet in these twenty years, the manu-
facture of intoxicants has increased
more rapidly in proportion than the
population, and there is more liquor
used per capita than there was a score
of years ago. This shows that there is
more excess now than there was at
that time, that those who do drink,
drink more freely than was then the
case.

Nor is there anything in the situa-
tion which promises a speedy amend-
ment of this condition. The curse of
the saloon is more potent than the ef-
forts of the workers in the temperance
cause. The increase in the amount of
liquor consumed is not because our peo-
ple like it any better, nor because it is
more palatable, but simply because
the 200,000 saloons of the country are
doing more active proselyting work
than are the advocates of temperance.

The evil of the saloon is not the harm
it does to those who are already the
victims of the drink habit; its worst
feature is its effect in creating that ap-
petite in young men. The youth with
a vigorous, healthy body and good di-
gestion does not like the taste of rum.
He does not begin to drink from any
liking for liquor in any form. As we
have already said, it is the social
feature of the saloon which draws
these young men within its doors.

Once there, somebody promptly offers
to "treat," to refuse is to appear un-
duly straightlaced, and to lack good
fellowship; the young man drinks, al-
though he does not care to do so, and
then feels it incumbent upon him to re-
pay the obligation by "treating" in
turn. This is the first step in the down-
ward road.

He very soon gets accustomed to the
taste of strong drink, and from drink-
ing only when he is invited or when he
treats in his turn, he soon comes to
drink for the excitement which fol-
lows; and once he learns to drink from
this cause, the way is open to drunk-
enness and all the woes which follow
in its train. Take the 200,000 saloons
in this country, and it is but a mod-
erate allowance to estimate an average
of twenty young men per year who
learn to drink in each. Hence the
fact is not overstated when we say that
the saloon system of the United States
is destroying no less than 4,000,000
young men per year.

The vice of intemperance does not
end with its victim nor does it end
with his becoming a sot. It is the
prolific parent of vice and crime. There
is not a gambling-hell in the United
States which does not furnish liquor to
unsteady the nerves and unbalance the
judgment of the poor fools who fre-
quent them. There is not a house of
ill-repute in which rum is not at hand
to inflame the baser passions of its vis-
itors. There is not one infraction of
peace and good order in twenty that is
not largely or entirely due to rum.

These things are the natural outcome
of the career which the young man be-
gins when he first enters a saloon to
meet his friends.

It is safe to say that no young man
ever starts out with the determination
to become a drunkard, or the slave of
vice, or a criminal; yet look around
you in any community, and see the vast
numbers who are confirmed drunkards!
Visit a large prison and you will find that
the great majority of its unhappy in-
mates are there from causes which can
be traced directly to the drinking
habit. Visit a poorhouse and inquire
into the history of the unfortunate
who find that their only home, and you
will learn that in the cases of the ma-
jority rum was the initial cause of
their being there. It was the careful
judgment of a former superintendent of
the Toledo insane asylum that fully
three-fourths of the cases of insanity
within the establishment were due di-
rectly or indirectly to intemperance.

The condition of things in regard to
drunkenness in the United States is
grave enough to cause alarm to every
thoughtful person. The condition can-
not be improved so long as the saloon
is allowed to exist; and so long as the
saloon is in existence our condition re-
garding intemperance will grow worse
instead of better. But the saloon can-
not be suppressed until public opinion
is strong enough, not only to demand
its suppression, but to enforce that de-
mand when it is enacted into law.

The obvious place of beginning any
effort to change the existing order,
must be with the people themselves,
and it must take the shape of a cam-
paign of education. The facts as to the
magnitude of the evils resulting from
the rum traffic must be brought home
to the understanding of every citizen.
Every pulpit must join in the work.

Our public schools must teach the chil-
dren as part of their education, the
evils, physical and moral, which come
from indulgence in strong drink, and
the scientific truth that alcohol is a
poison, no more, no less, and that its
use and its sale must be regulated and
controlled by law the same as is done
in the case of arsenic, or strychnine, or
opium, or any other poison. We must
educate the people until we have on
our side an active majority.—Toledo
Blade.

WHY HE STOPPED DRINKING.

A Father Reformed by His Prattling
Babes.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for
I cannot drink anything," said a man
who was known to the entire town as a
drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever re-
fused a drink," said an acquaintance.
"The other day you were hustling
around after a cocktail, and in fact you
even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very
different man now."

"Preachers had hold of you?"

"No, sir; no one has said a word to
me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the
other day I kept on hustling after a
cocktail, as you call it, until I met a
party of friends. When I left them I
was about half drunk. To a man of
my temperament a half drunk is a mis-
erable condition; for the desire for more
is so strong that he forgets his self-re-
spect in his effort to get more drink. I
remembered that there was a half pint
of whisky at home which had been pur-
chased for medicinal purposes. Just
before reaching the gate I heard voices
in the garden, and looking over the
fence I saw my little son and daughter
playing. 'Now, you be ma,' said the
boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here,
and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now,
till I fill my bottle.'"

"He took the bottle, ran away and
filled it with water. Pretty soon he re-
turned, and entering the playhouse,
nodded idiotically at the girl and sat
down without saying anything. The
girl looked up from her work and said:
'James, why do you do this way?'

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Gettin' drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the
baby died that you wouldn't drink any
more. The children are almost ragged,
and we haven't anything to eat hardly,
but you still throw your money away.
Don't you know you are breaking my
heart?"

"I hurried away. The action was
lifelike. I could think of nothing dur-
ing the day but those little children
playing in the garden. You must ex-
cuse me, gentlemen, I cannot drink
again."—The Spectator.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

AMERICAN beer makers produced sev-
en million barrels of beer and oceans of
tears in 1890.—Union Signal.

NEARLY all the opposition to the Sal-
vation Army comes from the public-
house element. Gen. Booth's followers
being regarded as the deadliest foes of
the liquor traffic.—Christian World.

THE Irish Temperance league is one
of the foremost reform associations of
Ireland. Among the many effective
methods the league adopts is the circu-
lation of temperance literature, fifteen
hundred dollars worth having been cir-
culated during the last year. Much
success also has attended the cafe and
coffee house movements, the league
coffee stands in Belfast being patron-
ized by thirty-five hundred persons on
a busy day.

TWO SALOON KEEPERs at Barnum, Ia.,
hit upon a new scheme for evading the
liquor law. They had a building con-
structed in sections so that it could be
taken apart and stowed away. Recent-
ly the district court granted an injunc-
tion against the saloon, and the other
night the proprietors took down their
building and stored it away in a ware-
house, so that when the sheriff of
Webster county comes to serve the in-
junction he will find no saloon.

PRINCESS VINOQUA, an Indian prin-
cess of the Mohawk nation, is devoting
much time and thought to the temper-
ance question. She is an intelligent,
educated lady, a physician by profes-
sion, and a philanthropist by practice.
She is a fine speaker and has appeared
upon many W. C. T. U. platforms and
before other audiences. Her lectures
are for the purpose of raising funds to
carry on mission work among the In-
dians. She is a devout Christian and
an earnest white-ribboner.

THE death of Mrs. John B. Gough,
widow of the great temperance lecturer,
brings out the fact that at the time she
received his proposal of marriage most
of her own friends and some of his ad-
vised her strongly against accepting it,
as grave doubts were entertained as to
his ability permanently to overcome his
drinking habits. She was a school-
teacher at the time, accomplished and
well situated. But she took the risk,
and Gough afterward declared that she
was the making of him.

ANOTHER fond illusion has been shat-
tered by the relentless data of science.
Whisky has long been regarded as of
value in the treatment of pneumonia,
but a comparison of the results attained
in different hospitals by its use in this
capacity shows that its employment is
not desirable. It is found that in the
New York hospitals sixty-five per cent.
of the pneumonia patients die under
alcoholic treatment, while in London,
at the Object-Lesson Temperance hospi-
tal, only five per cent. die.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Among the growing industries of France is the re-greening of vegetables. With plenty of sulphate of copper there can be green peas any time in the year.

In Amsterdam it is the fashion to announce a broken engagement of marriage. In America the news of one does not have to be artificially scattered.

There are four States in the Union which have abolished capital punishment—Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin. The other 40 are murderers.

A Pennsylvania man is afraid to milk his cow. His timidity is excusable. The cow is gentle, but she accidentally swallowed a stick of dynamite the other day.

The slang verb "fire" is not slangy after all. It is at least 300 years old. So good a writer as Shakespeare says in Sonnet cxiiv. "Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

The latest gossip about Blaine is that his mind is giving away. Why, half of it could be given away; and then there would be enough to set several Democratic statesmen up in business.

Everybody has heard that there is such a thing as an "imperium in imperio," but not until lately has anyone heard of an egg inside an egg. Such a curiosity has been laid in an Ohio town.

"Antonius Stradivarius lived 150 years ago," says an exchange. And the strangest thing about the old fellow is that, although dead several generations, violins of his make are still being manufactured.

"Big Jim," chief of the Pottawatomie tribe, located on a reservation near Holton, Kas., being asked recently what he thought of Jerry Simpson, replied: "Ugh! Heap d—d fool." Seldom is an accurate analysis of character so compactly put.

Emperor William has ordered that court sermons must not be more than 10 minutes long. This order will force the chaplains to cultivate the literary virtue of compression. A good deal of effective truth can be packed into 10 minutes with the power of words.

It is said that "those living in glass houses should not throw stones." A new kind of glass is said to have been patented which is as hard and tough as cast iron. When it comes into general use one can consistently throw as many stones as he sees fit.

Mississippi has a couple who, after being divorced for 38 years, have remarried. New Jersey has a couple for whose marriage elaborate arrangements have been made three times, and the bridegroom has failed to put in an appearance at the critical moment.

Rev. J. R. Porter, delegate from Japan to the Presbyterian Assembly in Detroit, made the following remarkable assertions: "The contact of the Christian nations with Japan has been a positive curse. It is generally conceded that the morals of Japan are much worse than 30 years ago."

Von Moltke did not believe in extemporaneous fighting. His campaign against France was planned years before the war with that country. He leaves behind him three plans of campaigns—one against France single handed, another against Russia single handed, and the third against France and Russia combined.

The Port Huron Times has the following: "A peculiar thing happened at Dennis Jones' residence Saturday evening. Mr. Jones left his lawn sprinkler out all night. In the morning he was surprised to find the spray frozen solid." Port Huron must be the place where, as the story goes, it was once so cold that, when a lighted candle was accidentally overturned, the flame broke in pieces, having frozen solid.

Macbeth, when he was contemplating the murder of Duncan, said that if the crime would be "the be-all and the end all here," he'd "jump the life to come." A little Boston girl seems to be like Macbeth in that she fears earthly punishment more than divine. The other day when her mother started to punish her for something she had done, she interposed as follows. "Mamma, won't you leave it to God to punish me? I'd rather have him."

Sometimes a slang word is the truest kind of a word. When it is, it slowly makes its way against the conservative tendencies of the world like other innovations. "Pluck" and "plucky" were originally slang words. Now they are just as good words as can be found. An entry in Sir Walter Scott's journal shows that as late as 1827 "pluck" had not lost its low character. He says (vol. 2, p. 30): "Want of that article blackguardly called pluck." "Pluck" was originally a term used by butchers for the heart and lungs of an animal.

Lightning, in an apparently playful mood, entered a bedroom in Ware, Mass. ran about the room two or three times, knocked the leg of a bed out, and departed as quickly as it came.

Lightning, up in Montana, in an evidently artistic mood, struck a family riding in a buggy and traced on a woman's arm a perfect representation of a tree branch. None of the family were killed, but the horse dropped dead.

The unhealthiness of criticising the clergy has been demonstrated in Canada. Some parishioners did not like the part their priest had taken in an election and said that he would have to leave the locality. Hearing of it the priest said: "Let those who would have to see me go away beware, for they may perhaps go first." One of the parishioners who had thus criticised the priest's conduct took ill and died, and another, who also spoke against his Pastor, is now dangerously ill.

Strange are the things which some women do: The women of Blairtown N. Y., have formed an "Indignation Club," to discourage gambling and unreasonable hours among their husbands. A Chicago schoolma'am, about to wed, and being short of funds called on John Wanamaker for \$500. A New York woman entered a pattern store and inquired if they kept shrouds for middle aged widows. She said she had made herself a shroud eight years before, but had not died, and that in the interim her hair had grown gray and her complexion had so changed that the homemade shroud was no longer a tasty one. "Do you not think that the lace on the neck should be a little narrower to suit me now?" said she.

A Southern boy, now in Louisville for medical treatment, is so abnormally fond of water that for the past two months he has been sitting in a tub of it, and screams as if in the greatest agony when out of his tub. It is claimed that the water of Sand Springs, Kansas, possesses wonderful fattening virtues and that in three years no grown person in town will weigh less than 300 pounds. A man in British Columbia had had so much trouble with his wife that he thought he would drown himself. So he went down to the river and waded in. But he found the water cold, and concluded to go home, bear his domestic sorrows as best he could and die of old age. A New Haven man has married the woman who saved him from drowning.

ANDREW JACKSON,

SUCCESSOR TO DUNLAP & CO.

—DEALER IN—

PINE LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.

A NEW STOCK OF

SIDING, FINISHING, FLOORING, SASH, DOORS BLINDS.

SCREEN DOORS

A large stock, All sizes, Ready for hanging, at low prices. Estimates furnished on application, for anything in the line of Lumber.

Good Grades, Low Price.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

The people of Nias, an island near Sumatra, make collections of human heads. Only heads are wanted which have been taken by the collector himself from a living person. So great is the desire to obtain fresh specimens that the natives of the island often go out head hunting. But the desire to get ahead is found among all people.

Ed. Spencer this week is showing the finest line of fresh fish ever brought to Cedarville. He now runs a wagon and sells and delivers fish to any part of town.

Proposed Amendment to the Constitution of Ohio.

TAXATION.

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, that a proposition shall be submitted to the electors of this State on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1891, to amend Section 2, of Article XII, of the Constitution of the State of Ohio, so that it shall read as follows:

ARTICLE XII.
SECTION 2. Laws may be passed which shall tax by a uniform rule all money, credits, investments in bonds, stocks, joint-stock companies, or otherwise; and all real and personal property according to the true value thereof in money. In addition thereto, laws may be passed taxing rights, privileges, franchises, and such other subject matters as the legislature may direct: but burying-grounds, public school-houses, houses used exclusively for public worship, institutions of purely public charity, public property used exclusively for any public purpose, and other property may by general laws, be exempted from taxation; and the value of all property so exempted shall, from time to time, be ascertained and published as may be directed by law.

SECTION 2. At such election, those electors desiring to vote for such amendment may have placed upon their ballots the words "Taxation Amendment—Yes," and those opposed to such amendment may have placed upon their ballots the words "Taxation Amendment—No."

SECTION 3. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January, 1892.

NIAL R. HYSELL,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

WM VANCE MARQUIS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 24, 1891.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, Daniel J. Ryan, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of a joint resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1891, taken from the original rolls filed in this office, in testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, at Columbus the 24th day of April, A. D. 1891.

DANIEL J. RYAN,
Secretary of State.

FOR SALE.

The Hill homestead near M. E. church, Cedarville. For particulars call on Wm. Hill administrator of estate.

Perfect Fitting Garments JERSEYS.

PLUSHES, Largest Assortment ever Received.

HUTCHISON & GIBNEY, XENIA, OHIO.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE HERALD
A cordial invitation is extended to you to examine the elegant

NEW STOCK being received now. A complete line of fine Dress Suitings, all the latest styles together with every grade of fine Business Suits, Overcoats, Pant ings, Gents Furnishing Goods.

Our prices, like quality in fine goods can not be excelled.

D. M. STEWART & CO. XENIA, OHIO.

FAWCETT. The Xenia Jeweler

Has in stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and
DIAMONDS!

The finest line of Optical Goods in Greene County. A Specialty made of Brazilian Felted Spectacles in Gold, Silver and Steel frames. They confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort, seldom enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenant Church.—Rev. T. C. Sprout, Pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. R. P. Church. —Rev. J. F. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:00 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00.

U. P. Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

A. M. E. Church.—Rev. A. C. Spivey, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. each Sabbath; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

ALLIGATOR AND SHARK.

They Begin a Desperate Stray, Which Was Never Finished.

A surveying corps at the mouth of the St. Sebastian river related to a gentleman, a few days ago, at Titusville, and he to a reporter of the Palatka Herald, the particulars of a most desperate encounter between an alligator and a shark at the first mentioned place. The engineers had pitched their tents near the river, and just above its mouth, and were eating their dinner under a small clump of palms.

All at once their attention was attracted to a violent commotion in the water near the shore. At first the bodies were so active and made the spray, intermingled with blood, so heavy that they could not make out what the two objects were. Finally, after about half an hour of such work, the monsters seemed to be growing weak and weary. It was then discovered to be a fight to the death between a large alligator and a man-eating shark. The former seemed to be trying to get to shallow water, while the shark was equally as determined not to go. The fight was still going on, although growing less vigorous all the time, when one of the parties got his Winchester and shot them both.

On pulling them ashore the alligator was found minus a foreleg, bit off as smooth as if cut off with a surgeon's knife. The shark had numerous ugly gashes on his body which would probably have killed him soon. The party skinned the alligator and saved some of the teeth of the shark as mementoes of this singular and sanguinary encounter.

BOTTLES BY MACHINERY.

The First Successful Attempt to Thus Make Them in This Country.

During the last six weeks the American Bottle Company, whose works are located at Woodbury, N. J., have succeeded in making bottles by machinery, being the first successful attempt to do so in this country, says the New York Sun. The machinery used is an English invention, which has been used in that country for two years. The glass is gathered in the usual way and allowed to run from the rod into an iron mold, which measures the quantity needed for making the bottle. From below a hollow iron plunger is pushed up through the bottom of the cup and through the mass, and the cup is reversed, leaving the glass suspended from the hollow plunger. The cup, which is hinged, is then removed, and the movement of a lever admits a small quantity of air through the plunger, after which the bulb is flattened at the bottom and dropped into the mold, which is then closed and the air applied. This completes the bottle, which is taken while hot to the annealing oven.

By the old process the ring at the top of the bottle's neck was made by a second operation. By the machine the bottle comes from the mold complete. Men totally inexperienced in the handling of glass are able, it is said, after six weeks' practice, to turn out as much as an experienced blower with a blow-pipe.

Private Art Collections in Rome.

The Italian government having abolished the law of succession, by virtue of which the great private art collections in Rome descended to the eldest son of each family with the bulk of the parental fortune, these famous collections are now in danger of being scattered, as the parental fortunes are divided among the children, and the expense of maintaining the galleries for the public benefit falls heavily upon the head of the family. Several owners having sold some of their finest works to defray these expenses, the government is alarmed at the prospect of the national masterpieces leaving the country and is considering measures to prevent it and keep the galleries open to the public.

NOT AN EASY JOB.

Many and Arduous Duties of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The position of secretary of the treasury is one of work in several different lines. The word treasury, says Kate Foots in the Independent, makes one think only of the millions in the vaults. But the departments under the treasury roof are numerous. They are those of the supervising architect, the bureau of engraving and printing—that is where all our notes, bonds and certificates and revenue and custom stamps are printed; the secret service division—they "watch out" for counterfeiters and smugglers; the office of steamboat inspection, the bureau of statistics, the life-saving service, the comptroller's office, the commissioner of customs, the register of the treasury, who is the bookkeeper of the United States, and who has to know how every dollar of the public money is spent or else come to grief. Then there are six auditors, who help the register keep his eyes on all the claims and accounts that come to the treasury, and the treasurer of the United States, who, with his clerks, receipts and pays out money to banks and keeps their bonds. The comptroller of the currency has the organization of our national banks and the redemption and destruction of notes that are worn out and defaced, as well as the issue and preparation of the national bank circulation. The commissioner of internal revenue, who attends to our internal revenue taxes and matters pertaining to distilleries, is the one whom the "moon-shiners" of North Carolina swear at when a sudden raid from some unexpected quarter is made upon their illicit distilleries of whisky. The director of the mint attends to these little mint drops, our gold dollars, and estimates the value of the coin of foreign countries. The bureau of navigation tries to keep us from being blown up by reckless steamboat owners, who for filthy lucre would send us to sea in ill-fitting vessels. The lighthouse board tries to keep us off the rocks and shoals when we have gone to sea in the vessels that the inspector of steam vessels says are safe, and the reports of this board and the lights they set up along our coast are very interesting subjects to a great many hundred miles of coast, both on salt water and fresh water. I am told that there is a lighthouse away up in Lake Michigan where the men are shut in for six months. The weather is such that they cannot get away and the inspector says: "We invariably find when we go up there in the spring that they have quarreled and will not speak. One lives on one floor and one on another and they are at loggerheads. The long isolation is too much for human nature. They get frightfully tired of each other and always quarrel sooner or later." The coast and geodetic survey give fine maps and the marine hospital service has Dr. Billings at its head. There are twenty-four divisions in the treasury, each requiring its own arrangements for working its set of clerks and a head of each division who knows what he is about. It is a very perfect machinery in spite of its complications, and the perfection of its working is shown in the old, true story, that the accounts were found to be three cents behind—and there was great stir and excitement. The three cents were found at last upon the floor in one of the vaults and peace settled once more upon the boundaries of Uncle Sam within the treasury.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at B. G. Ridgway's drug store.

A Little Girl's Experience in A Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich. and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough, and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones."—Then she tried Dr. King's new discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's new discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at B. G. Ridgway's drugstore.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

KA-TON-KA!

KA-TON-KA CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Kidney Disease, Fever and Ague, and all the ailments of the blood. It is purely vegetable, and goes directly to the seat of nine-tenths of the ill of humanity—the blood—and its wonderful work of restoration begins with the first dose, health and strength surely following.

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KA-TON-KA CURES Rheumatism

The Cedarville Herald

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

DIFFERENT ARTS BY WHICH WOMEN OBTAIN DOMESTIC SUPREMACY.

"Benedick, the married man," ever really the master of his own house? "A pretty question that to put to an American sovereign!" says some "head of a family" who considers himself the Alpha and Omega of the home department. "Of course, there are millions of married men who are masters of their own houses, and of that grand sum total I am an integral part."

Bravely retorted. But assertion is not argument. That millions of Benedicks believe themselves to be absolute under their own roof-trees, the Ledger does not doubt, but nevertheless the truth is that, as a rule, women reign. The majority of "ladies paramount" govern gently, so gently indeed that the yoke is unfelt. Xantippe was a fool as well as a tyrant. She could have twisted Socrates round her finger with much less trouble than she took to cow his "better part of man."

There is a petticoat government of smiles, another petticoat government of fears, and another of reason. Some wives queen it over their husbands' hearts, others over their heads, and two or three of the most absolute petticoat monarchs we have ever known have been as undemonstrative as statues. The art of controlling by seeming to submit is a species of finesse thoroughly understood by many of the weaker vessels, and perhaps no man is more happy or more to be envied than he who obeys a wise and good wife's will, thinking he exercises his own. Never undecide such an one; it is the greatest unkindness you can do him.

It was thought at one time that the Turks were supreme lords of their own households. They are so in law, but not in fact. Travelers who have recently been among them taking notes assure us that some of the Ottoman grandees are terribly henpecked by their Lights of the Harem. The Grand Seignior, though a "Brother of the Sun," often gets snubbed, it is said, by some of the bright particular stars of the connubial firmament, and occasionally by those lesser lights of love's galaxy—the odalisques. Thus has it been since the days of Solomon (whose domestic troubles are more than hinted at in his writings), and thus will it be until the end of time.

There is a story of a French priest of the olden time which neatly illustrates the general principle here set forth. The good father fancied that the law laid down by St. Paul touching the obedience of wives to husbands was obligatory on the former, and that to contravene it was a heinous sin. In order to encourage its observance he one day offered to give his entire crop of pease, a very one, to any married man among his parishioners who could prove that he was not under subjection to his spouse. Scores of applicants for the prize appeared, but they all broke down under the priest's searching cross-examinations.

At length, however, a burly, surly laborer, who was admitted by everybody to be a thoroughgoing domestic tyrant, laid claim to the reward, and made out his claim to the satisfaction of the cure.

"Well," said the good father, "I am glad to know that I have one man in my congregation who is master in his own house. Call to-morrow for your pease."

The next day the fellow went to the priest's house with a small sack, which he began to fill.

"That's too small," observed the priest, "have you not a larger one?"

"Well, yes, I have," replied the peasant, sulkily, "but you see my wife wouldn't let me bring it."

"Aha," cried the cure, "let my pease alone—let my pease alone; you're only a slave like the rest!"—N. Y. Ledger.

After Many Days.

"I'll have to charge you for that boy, madam," said the conductor of a west-bound train the other day, as he punched the ticket of a sharp-featured woman of middle age and held out his hand for the additional fare.

"What for?" she asked.

"He's more than five years old. He looks as if he was nearer fifteen."

"Ain't you Jack Sampleton, that used to live down in Streator about eight years ago?" inquired the woman, eyeing him keenly.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Used to buy your butter and milk of Widder James?"

"I believe I did."

"I'm the Widder James. Recollect the last jar of butter you got of me—the one you were going to pay for inside of ten days?"

"Why—Mrs. James, didn't—didn't I—"

"That jar of butter, Mr. Sampleton, hain't been paid for yet, and this boy lacked about a month of bein' five year old when you got it. Does he go?"

"He goes, madam," said the conductor, as he passed on with a sickly smile.

"The boy is probably large for his age."—Chicago Tribune.

—Angelina—"Do you see that handsome, middle-aged man over there?"

Belinda—"Yes. Who is he?"

Angelina—"He lives by his pen." Belinda—"A poet?"

Angelina—"No; a pork-packer."—America.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

SEVENTEEN SOLDIERS.

They Were All Sons of the Same Father Who Was Himself a Fighter.

"If it came within the line of his inquiries," said W. C. Moyer, of St. Clairsville, W. Va., "the census enumerator will run against elsewhere in this country. I refer to a family by the name of Brandon. The father of that family, Charles Brandon, died when he was ninety-six years old, but his youngest child was then less than a year old. He died just as the civil war broke out from a broken heart, his wife having refused to live with him any longer and brought suit for divorce against him. He had at that time thirty-five living children, and had been married three times.

His first wife bore him two children. His second wife died after bearing him eighteen. At the age of seventy-five he married Sarah Barker, she being sixteen and the youngest of sixteen children. She lived with him twenty-one years, bearing him fifteen children, and then left him, taking her year-old baby with her, and sued for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper. Brandon was still hale and hearty, but the desertion of his wife broke him down, and he died within a month after she left him.

When his third wife married him the oldest of his twenty children by his two previous wives was thirty-nine, and the entire twenty lived under the paternal roof. The young wife reared all of the twenty that were young enough to need rearing, besides caring for the fifteen of her own, the oldest of whom was but twenty when she left their father. The family of thirty-five kept together for many years after their father's death, and if the patriarchal Brandon had lived a few months longer he would have seen seventeen of his sons enlist in the Union army. It is a question if in this or any other country an instance can be found where one family ever before contributed seventeen sons to their country's service. There were two Charleses and two Johns among these brothers. The names of the other thirteen were Simeon, Evans, Peter, Josephus, Hiram, James, Van Buren, Jacob, Abraham, Alexander, David, Andrew and Ruse. Besides these, three of Charles Brandon's sons served in the Mexican war. The seventeen brothers were all in Ohio and Indiana regiments. Two of them, one of the Johns and one of the Charleses, were sons of the third Mrs. Brandon. They were both taken prisoners at the battle of Chickamauga and placed in Andersonville prison. John died in the prison. Charles was there twenty-one months when he escaped. All the rest of the sons were children of the second wife. They were in every important battle of the war, and all lived to get home when the war was over except Peter, who was killed at Shiloh.

These boys all come of good fighting stock, for their father was a famous Indian fighter himself, a veteran of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. When Western Pennsylvania was the frontier, and the Indian fighter was the most important and indispensable person in the settlements, Charles Brandon, according to all tradition, was one of the best and most daring of all the active foes of the red men. His father was killed by Indians when Charles was only three years old. He himself was made a prisoner and lived with the Indians twelve years, hating them more the longer he was with them. At the age of fifteen he escaped, and, after learning his mother tongue, spent all his time, until they were driven away to more remote settlements, in hunting and killing Indians.

He was fifty-one years of age when the war of 1812 broke out, and he was one of the first to join the American army, and was in it when peace was declared. He was seventy-four when he enlisted in the Mexican war.

The third wife of this virile old fighter is living at Mountville, hale and hearty at the age of sixty-seven. She is over six feet high and as straight as an arrow. Of her thirty-five children and step-children she knows positively of the whereabouts of but fifteen. The rest are scattered about the country and dead. The thirty-five children were all sons. —American Tribune.

A WAR WAIF.

A Fragment of His History Chronicled by a Soldier Who Wore the Gray.

I enlisted as a private in the Second Louisiana Volunteers in 1861. My first real soldiering was on the Yorktown Peninsula. While there at Suffolk (I forget which), there strolled into camp a young boy, not over ten or twelve years of age, who attached himself to one of the neighboring regiments. Who he was, his name, or where he came from, I can not now recall. He was looked upon as No Man's child, and as such found genial fellowship among the soldiers.

I soon realized that he was a cosmopolitan and at home anywhere, for I next saw him the pet of the First South Carolina Volunteers. How long he staid with them I can not say. It was nearly a year before I saw him again. His small form and boyish face were a great contrast to the men among whom he mingled. I remember then how odd it seemed to see that child in a camp, but he was truly "the child of the regiment."

After we had fallen back to Richmond, and after those terrible seven days' battle, the army was reorganized, and the troops brigaded by states, so I lost sight of our Carolina neighbors and also the boy.

At the second Manassas, on the 29th of August, 1862, our brigade (Stark's—poor fellow, he fell at Sharpsburg) was lying in the woods nearly opposite that "terrible deep cut." When the dripping, spattering fire of the Yankee skirmishers drove in our out-lookers (as "old Jack" didn't have a counter skirmish line) the cry "Forward" rang along our lines and we advanced and ran almost into the Yankees, who, giving us a deadly volley, fell back rapidly across a field and into the woods beyond, where a battery, supported by a swarm of troops, was posted. Nothing checked us. Under a withering fire of minies and canister we pressed on, Bushrod Johnston riding ahead, with his sword run through his hat, waving us on until we waved him out of our line of fire by yelling to him to clear the way.

When we arrived within about a hundred yards of the battery the line was halted, and under this raking fire the alignment was corrected and the men "right dressed" to be shot down. I have thought often that that command of "halt" might have been heroic, but it certainly "was not war;" however, not a man faltered. Again forward, and we drove straight for the guns. Just then I felt a thud, a sting, a twist around and fell. A minie had struck my pocket Bible edgewise, and passing nearly through the New Testament part, dug a trench across my left side into the flesh. With the blood spurting from my side I started rearward, while our boys, brave fellows, went up and over the battery, scattering its supports like chaff.

As I struggled back over the field, the dead and wounded, blue and gray alike, lying all around, I heard a great rumbling on my left and noticed that our guns were plunging to the front under lash and shout to seize the hills whence to pour shot into the now retreating foe. I can see them now tumbling, bouncing, surging to gain the front.

What else did I see? So close I could almost reach him, the little boy sitting on the limb of one of the pieces, his eyes aflame, his hat waving, his treble voice shouting excitedly and his whole being lit up and aglow with the terrible magnetism of battle—cheering on the line.

I have never seen him since. He passed on and was lost in the cloud and smoke of the field, but the memory of that inspiring scene will never fade. —Detroit Free Press.

REMINDERS OF THE WAR.

CAPT. JACK HAYNES, who served in three wars and is now one hundred and three years of age, has been made a member of Frank P. Blair Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of St. Louis, and is doubtless the oldest member of the organization. He was in the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, and during the late unpleasantness, when over seventy, was the engineer of a gunboat on the Mississippi.

During the war of the rebellion nearly all the battles were fought in timbered country. This was not the case at Petersburg. There the commanders of the opposing forces saw each other's maneuvers and all the brilliant pyrotechnics of the assault and defense. Standing within the range of the enemy's fire, as he often did, Gen. Robert E. Lee viewed the wonderful scene of that battle. Dropping his field glasses he turned to Gen. Hampton and said: "It is well that this is so terrible, or we might grow too fond of it."

GEN. WALKER HAMPTON, of South Carolina, was one of the southerners who "walked home" after the great race between Henry and Ellipse, over the Union course on Long Island, thirty-five years ago, and has just divulged why Henry happened to lose the race. It was all on account of lobster salad. Col. Johnson, who trained and managed Henry, ate what he called "a mess of salad" on the night previous to the race, and he did not recover from his fit of indigestion next day in time to give his jockey needed instructions. Gen. Hampton has never liked lobster salad himself from that day to this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was in no sense fanatical. But he believed in keeping the Sabbath as a day of rest. During the war he issued an order that breathed the purest Christian sentiment as well as the loftiest patriotism. In this he said: "The importance to man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity." No men ever more appreciated such an order than the soldiers of the old Union army.

"I REMEMBER a punishment," said Capt. W. J. Kercheval, "that Gen. Lev Wallace meted out to two soldiers who had shot a cow in the face of orders not to shoot stock. It was in warm weather, and putting them under guard, they were given branches cut from trees and told to take turn about every two hours keeping the flies off the carcass. They were kept at this nearly three days, most of the time being compelled to hold the nose with one hand while agitating the fly brush with the other. The sight was a very laughable affair to all but the sufferers, and the example had a good effect on other would-be deprecators." —Indianapolis Journal.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A PLEA FOR REFORM.

The English and American Systems of Physical Culture Compared.

Directly to English women does the sport-loving American girl owe all her privileges and possibilities on the tennis court, on horseback or wherever she finds those opportunities for the honest physical exercise she now enjoys. The English woman was the first of her sex to go out of doors for a larger half of her day's pleasure; and looking on the sports practiced by her brother, and seeing they were good, she promptly adapted them, with few modifications, to her own uses, and communicated these pleasing occupations to her transatlantic sisters. She it was who overcame all prejudice against femininity competing against the masculine element in the open field, and she it was who held up to us the inspiring example of woman triumphant in the hunting field, at tennis, or wherever she might choose to force her way.

American girls have largely profited by the excellent example set them, and so far are no disgrace to their teaching. We have gone forth bravely to battle at tennis, in the very face of our prejudiced papas; we have set at naught the remonstrances of our old-time mammas, and we have actually learned to play not very badly; in mixed double, to sit our horses properly, and to—well, to go deeply in for gymnastics.

That last is the truthful but unfortunate admission which throws American women at once out of the race with the big-limbed, broad-shouldered British maidens and clean into the shade of inferiority beside them in the practice of sport, pure and simple. Gymnastics and this everlasting cry for physical culture is at the very root of the reason why we have not kept pace with the English woman. In fact one is inclined to wish that for a time, and just by way of experiment, all the gymnastics could be closed to aspiring tight-rope walkers and dumb-bell swingers. What would be the result? Why, girls and women having had a taste of exercise, would be forced out of doors into the very games that now engage the attention of those hardy foreigners, and in which our girls hold little or no part.

Nowadays in America the cry forever going up to women is to try physical culture, at the Turkish bath and in the gymnasium, and all for old vanity's sake, and little enough for good health's sake. At the women's colleges huge gymnasiums are erected for the use of students who, even against their will, must daily exercise, march, counter-march, and go through trying muscle-requiring evolutions—all well enough in a way, but not nearly so good a plan as that followed by the English girl student, who holds little faith in gymnastics, but throws her whole soul into her beloved out-door games.

She doesn't perhaps, put a half-penny's worth of confidence in her ability to swing a clumsy Indian club, but she can "hock" and "dribble," can skate, swim, row, defend her wicket sturdily, and whacks her tennis balls soundly. She knows awfully little about the science of physical culture, but she talks learnedly of hockey, cricket and golf, plays them skillfully, too, and earns a pound of benefit from one hour of her out-door gaming, where we gain an ounce of our days of in-door gymnastics.

If the heads of colleges, academies and big schools for girls desire to keep their charges healthy and wise they should provide a play-ground and teach the students that exercise in the fresh, open, cold, moist, dry or warm air is the one thing profitable to their physical well-being. Don't say that this exertion means pink cheeks, bright eyes, red lips, rounded curves and all that undignified pandering to vanity so common to the advocates of feminine athletics. But tell them the results of this out-door energy means that a splendid field of pleasure is being opened, and after some four or five hours in the air, deeper sleep, clearer brains and better appetites will be the reward.

Just suppose, instead of drilling hundreds of Vassar and Wellesley students in calisthenics, those same girls could be taught to play a good game of hockey on the ample college grounds, when the air is cold with winter's chill and tennis hardly seems in season? Why, the outcome would be that in a short time the gymnasium would stand deserted, while students fought for goals, rushing, cheering, thumping and poking with their long crooked sticks, pretty much as in the manner with a football team in training. Give the girls exercises at which they can scream and hit and dash and romp and work off animal spirits, as is the way with boys, and afterwards they will make better students for it, better tennis players, better riders, and stronger, finer, bigger, handsomer women, if this latter virtue can be more highly developed. —Agnes Crofton, in Week's Sport.

The medical authorities of Sweden have recommended the government to introduce the requisite regulations for women to become apothecaries. In Norway women have been six years entitled to study pharmacy and manage and own dispensaries. In Finland there are seven women apothecaries and in Russia several have availed themselves of the right of entering the examinations. The owners of the dispensaries appear averse to receiving women students, and none have gained admission to any establishment in St. Petersburg.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

The Newspaper Writer—What She Has to Do and Do to Win Success.

The following extract is from one of the cleverest papers read at the recent meeting of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press association by Miss Eliza D. Keith:

Young women as newspaper writers may be broadly classified as either reporters or space writers. The latter term includes correspondents and all those who prepare special articles for the big Sunday editions or the once-a-week papers.

All newspaper women are not reporters, although the general public seem to think so. Nor is every reporter a perpetual pencil and an animated note-book. Neither is every woman reporter in search of purely social items. There are other objects of interest besides dressing-room gossip and back-stairs information. A woman reporter, aside from society duties, is assigned generally to details intimately connected with subjects of special interest to women. This covers the fields of philanthropy, education, charity and sanitary reform. Dramatic critics, fashion writers and household economists occupy special fields of their own. Neither is a writer always dependent upon her friends for her ideas. It is barely possible that she may be able to think for herself.

There are authors who write only when they feel like it, who sit quietly at home and wait for inspiration. But the newspaper woman is none of these. Her work is arduous, and rendered still more so by the everlasting element of hurry. To succeed, the young woman in journalism must be in good health, with her nerves and her temper well under control. She requires considerable personal magnetism and the ability to draw people out. She had better abandon the field at once, unless she can think on her feet and never lose her presence of mind. She must be able to change all her plans at a moment's notice. She must be well educated, well informed on current topics, and possess a discriminating sense of what will write up well, and of what ought not, as well as what ought to be written. Her English must be terse and vigorous, her words well chosen, her facts presented in a striking, dramatic, and irresistible manner. To be able to write here, or there or anywhere, standing or sitting, in the midst of noise and confusion—that is part of her life. She must have good powers to be able to arrest the flight of time, to annihilate space, and to be in two places at once. Although perfectly exhausted by a day's travel in her search for information, she must get her facts into shape before her story becomes dead matter. She must have reserve force sufficient for a rally of ideas, to be able to work at high pressure, and toward the last to double her usual rate of speed, while the messenger boy from the office sits on the hat-rack in the hall, waiting for her copy and whistles as he waits.

Not a pang must she feel when the children of her brain are sent out into the world maimed or mangled by the editor. Whole paragraphs will be cut out and stickles written in by some one who does not comprehend the scope of her article and only edits the copy according to the space at command. The funny man will put absurd headlines on her carefully written article but she must never expostulate, never get angry.

She must not lose heart at the hypocrisy which confronts her and must learn to smile when ladies who have given her their views on certain subjects, with the understanding that it is for publication, afterward deny all knowledge of the purpose of their conversation.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

In Germany more than 130,000 married women work in shops and factories.

The oldest woman minister in the United States is Rev. Lydia Sexton, who has been preaching for forty-two years in various portions of the country. She is ninety-two years of age, but her memory is excellent and her sight remarkably good. Her voice is clear and melodious in the hymns she delights in singing.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORN looks less like a poetess than like a stately English gentlewoman. She is large and imposing in appearance, and has a calm, dignified manner that would discourage any attempt at familiarity. She has a charming home near Rutland, Vt., a house—full of books and rare bric-a-brac—set in a grove of fine trees, where she lives with her married son.

A COMPARATIVELY new work engaged in by women is that of lady factotums. For instance, if a lady is delicate and unfit for domestic cares the lady factotum goes to the house, finds out the condition of things, superintends the servants, does the marketing, the shopping, answers the notes, delivers messages and takes the place of an elder daughter, all of course, for a fair remuneration.

There is a roomy, old-fashioned house in Surrey, England, in which is established a training home for ladies, where every kind of domestic work is taught; laundry work, dairying, the saddling and harnessing of horses, the management of poultry and everything necessary to fit them for the management of a home on a small income. These homes are common in Europe and could be useful in this country, where everything else is well taught.

HOUSEHOLD BRI.

For one dozen gems u milk, an egg, a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the milk and salt to gradually into the flour, gem pans and bake two N. Y. World.

Sliced Cucumbers.—Liners on ice for at least on serving. Peel them, cut slices and heap in a glass few shavings of white on and salt them and cover elder vinegar.—Ladies' H.

Water Cakes.—Take sifted flour and a desse butter, rub the butter flour, mix it with cold saltspoonful of salt, a sugar, roll the paste out into cakes and bake them oven.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Cheese Wafers.—Rub ful of butter to a cream, a tablespoonful of grated E spread this mixture of crackers or plain wafers, not get thin crackers, split ones. Keep them in a hot are a delicate brown.—B.

Cookies.—Ingredient of sugar, two eggs, two milk, one cup butter, on of butter, nutmeg to enough flour to above roll nicely, and bake in These are warranted to there are not too many around.—Detroit Free Press.

A rich and brilliant ing to Furniture and Dec tained in walls intended by mixing an equal quant dust with the lime used a plaster. This gives a so which cannot be obtained plaster. In Italy it has a custom to give a final coat dust to walls intended to the wet process.

Salmon Croquettes.— can of the best salmon bones and skin, and cut do not chop it; add a salt and a very little cay mash three good potatoes with the salmon; form the egg-shaped croquettes, beaten egg, finely-chopped cracker crumbs, and fry drain them carefully on a then place them on a he garnish with parsley.—B.

Pianos that are use houses should be tuned at year—once in summer anter. No piano can be kept unless it is turned once a year. When the only a half-tone, a cou least is added to the pre frame. A piano should not after it is used, unless on send often for the tuner. lations of dust that are, sounding-board collect es furnace or coal-stove in from the street in su Ledger.

Normandy Soup.—Wi small pieces three pounds of veal, put it into a sou three quarts cold water begins to boil; then sim hours; cook together for two tablespoonfuls butter, chopped carrot and turn onions and celery. Add to the soup, then cook on ful flour with the butt frothy add it, also on bread, one tablespoon peppercorns and one blad for two hours, rub thre heat it, add one quart salt if necessary, boil serve.—Boston Globe.

SPRING SHADES O

Subdued Tones Seem to F Favorites.

If any one color can be women's attire it is g comes pale shades of heliotrope. In fact, so the demand for these th shops are all but cleared. Countless variations of lavender are there in wured India and China weaves, such as serge and sprays of silver wheat, blets and heliotrope, and white and of neutral t ground. A leader in th just now is handsome bl silk, selling at 69 cents p in woolen goods there crepon, figured and dresses, consisting of half yards of fancy camel and five and one-half of cashmeres, henriettes, a striped novelty goods, al dainty colorings. New v goods, resembling nun's ure, but called Carmell with open-work stripes a border, headed with a f stripe, are among the f for summer wear, and s larity of the neutral tone mings, hosiery, laces and incorporating all the l gray, together with capes studded with jet nail he tea gowns, opening i matched with a petticoat these gowns are black, heliotrope.—N. Y. Sun.

An Appropriate Ni Lady (to tramp—What Tramp (They call me Lady—Why do they ca Tramp—Because I won

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HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

For one dozen gems use one pint of milk, an egg, a pint of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the egg light, add the milk and salt to it, and beat gradually into the flour. Put into hot gem pans and bake twenty minutes.—N. Y. World.

Sliced Cucumbers.—Lay the cucumbers on ice for at least one hour before serving. Peel them, cut them in thin slices and heap in a glass dish with a few shavings of white onions. Pepper and salt them and cover them with cider vinegar.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Water Cakes.—Take one pound of sifted flour and a dessertspoonful of butter, rub the butter well into the flour, mix it with cold water, add a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, roll the paste out very thin, cut into cakes and bake them in a quick oven.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Cheese Wafers.—Rub a tablespoonful of butter to a cream, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of grated English cheese. Spread this mixture on thin water crackers or plain wafers, or, if you cannot get thin crackers, split the thicker ones. Keep them in a hot oven till they are a delicate brown.—Boston Budget.

Cookies.—Ingredients: Two cups of sugar, two eggs, two-thirds cup sour milk, one cup butter, one teaspoonful of butter, nutmeg to flavor. Add enough flour to above ingredients to roll nicely, and bake in a quick oven. These are warranted to keep well, if there are not too many little folks around.—Detroit Free Press.

A rich and brilliant effect, according to Furniture and Decoration, is obtained in walls intended to be decorated by mixing an equal quantity of marble dust with the lime used in making the plaster. This gives a softness of tint which cannot be obtained with ordinary plaster. In Italy it has long been the custom to give a final coating of marble dust to walls intended to be treated by the wet process.

Salmon Croquettes.—Take half a can of the best salmon, remove all bones and skin, and cut it up fine, but do not chop it; add a saltspoonful of salt and a very little cayenne; boil and mash three good potatoes and mix them with the salmon; form the mixture into egg-shaped croquettes, roll them in beaten egg, finely-chopped celery and cracker crumbs, and fry in very hot fat; drain them carefully on brown paper, then place them on a hot platter and garnish with parsley.—Boston Herald.

Pianos that are used in private houses should be tuned at least twice a year—once in summer and once in winter. No piano can be kept at concert pitch unless it is turned oftener than once a year. When the pitch is raised only a half-tone, a couple of tons at least is added to the pressure on the frame. A piano should not be left open after it is used, unless one is willing to send often for the tuner. The accumulations of dust that are found on the sounding-board collect easily from the furnace or coal-stove in winter, and from the street in summer.—N. Y. Ledger.

Normandy Soup.—Wipe and cut in small pieces three pounds of the knuckle of veal, put it into a soup kettle with three quarts cold water. Skim as it begins to boil; then simmer for three hours; cook together for ten minutes two tablespoonfuls butter, one each of chopped carrot and turnips and two of onions and celery. Add the vegetables to the soup, then cook one tablespoonful flour with the butter, and when frothy add it, also one quart stale bread, one tablespoon salt, and six peppercorns and one blade mace. Cook for two hours, rub through a strainer; reheat it, add one quart hot milk, more salt if necessary, boil up once and serve.—Boston Globe.

SPRING SHADES OF COLOR.

Subdued Tones Seem to Be the General Favorites.

If any one color can be said to lead in women's attire it is gray, and next comes pale shades of lavender and heliotrope. In fact, so great has been the demand for these that many of the shops are all but cleared of such colors. Countless variations of both gray and lavender are there in wash silks, figured India and China silks; other weaves, such as serge and surah having sprays of silver wheat, bunches of violets and heliotrope, and hair stripes of white and of neutral tint on a black ground. A leader in this department just now is handsome black surah, all silk, selling at 25 cents per yard. Then in woolen goods there is beautiful crepon, figured and plain; pattern dresses, consisting of three and one-half yards of fancy camel-hair chevrot and five and one-half of plain; besides cashmeres, henriettes, and plaited and striped novelty goods, all of the same dainty colorings. New weaves of black goods, resembling nun's veiling in texture, but called Carmelite and Viola, with open-work stripes and with a plain border, headed with a fine open-work stripe, are among the most desirable for summer wear, and share the popularity of the neutral tones. Dress trimmings, hosiery, laces and parasols, also incorporating all the lovely tones of gray, together with capes of broadcloth, studded with jet nail heads, charming tea gowns, opening in front, and matched with a petticoat. A variety of these gowns are black, embroidered in heliotrope.—N. Y. Sun.

An Appropriate Nickname.
Lady (to tramp)—What is your name?
Tramp—They call me Keely Motor.
Lady—Why do they call you that?
Tramp—Because I won't work.—Jury

Queer Ways of Cooking.

Ingenuity can extemporize the most unusual methods for attaining certain purposes. The Lounger happened into a rolling mill one evening recently and witnessed a novel feat in the beefsteak-broiling line which commended itself from sheer force of ingenuity. On the cooling bed-back of the rolls lay a pile of red-hot iron which had just been rolled. The "heat" was over, and a brawny "rougher-up" began to prepare his supper. In a jiffy he had slapped a beefsteak on the hot iron, and by quickly turning it as often as once in five seconds he broiled that steak to a mummy. This was equal to the makeshift of a hot-carrier at work on a Dearborn street building. When the noon hour struck he rammed a handful of lime in a hole scooped in the sand, and sprinkling it with water, placed his dinner-pail over his flameless fire, securing a warm dinner and the open-eyed admiration of his amused spectators.—Chicago News.

Summer Tourists.
Take the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, the popular route to all points of interest in the scenic Northwest and the Puget Sound region. Connects with transcontinental trains for all resorts dear to the hearts of pleasure seekers. F. H. Loun, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phoenix Building, Chicago, Ill.

Enter.—"Do you know of anything more delightful than a real love?" Maud—"Yes." Ethel—"What?" Maud—"Two of them."—Harper's Bazar.

LADIES who possess the finest complexion are patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Visitors to the Zoo should not attempt to make light of the tapir.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, relief is sure in Carter's Little Liver Pills.

The man who has "a slight of trouble" should go to an oculist.—Judge.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Even vinegar has to work to be worth anything.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Wise medical men do not treat somnambulism as a pillow case.—Boston Courier.

Go up in smoke—sparks.

A rising artist—the steely painter.

Nobody has ever discovered any eggs when the ship lays to.

OFFENSES it is the torpid liver who has the torpid liver.—Puck.

Go to the spider, thou ball tosser, and learn to "catch flies."

Do not shut up a canary in a cage; they are sure to find life a bird-en.

HEALTH makes wealth; but with the physician this only a theory.—Puck.

"You can't be too careful," said the superintendent to the car-driver.

The tugboat and the chiroprapist are always looking after tows.

LUMBER merchants never object to having the board raised.—Scranton News.

In one respect the ladies have a parallel. The spring chicken never tells its age.—Hazelton Sentinel.

HARRY (on the lake)—Say, George, lend me your lead pencil a moment. I want to drop a line to a fish.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Why should pawnbrokers be reviled? Do they not keep all their pledges?—Texas Siftings.

BOUND over to keep the peace—the borrowed book that you have damaged.—Puck.

A WOMAN invented the ice cream freezer in 1843, and woman has kept it pretty busy ever since.—Baltimore American.

A MAN is always ready to listen to words of wisdom when he is speaking them himself.—Somerville Journal.

SOME persons don't need the bread they knead half as much as those who don't knead it.—Drake's Magazine.

Good Advice.—The alligator leads an indolent life, but don't go too near him when he is hungry. He doesn't have a soft snap by any means.—N. Y. Continent.

St. Jacobs

SURE CURE **PROMPT CURE**

CURES PERMANENTLY

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Sciatica

Back Aches

Ball Aches

NEURALGIA

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A series of popular songs arranged for piano or organ, consisting of 10 pieces (fragments), will be sent on receipt of \$1.00, or a single piece on receipt of 5 cents.

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BALTIMORE, Md.

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

The most polite man we know of is one who never permits himself to look over his own shoulder.—Boston Transcript.

This crow is a wily bird. Nature has made him cautious, as it were.—Buffalo Express.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.

The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial.

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call *the risk of their words*.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

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PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Throwing a Switch



In tough work in stormy weather, and the switchman cannot be too well protected if he wishes to preserve his health. Every railroad man's life is full of hardship and exposure. The only garment that will fully protect the man whose business calls him out in stormy weather is the "Fish Brand" Slicker. They are light, but strong as iron, hand-made throughout, and good for years of service. They are worth ten times their cost, and will save you many a sickness. No other article of clothing will stand the wear and tear. Rubber is frail, will rip, tear, and let in the wet. Therefore get the right sort of coat. The "Fish Brand Slicker" is the only one for your purpose. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

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Sketching their entire home-life. Society Women as Housekeepers. "How to Make and Save Money," by HENRY CLEWS, the eminent New York Banker. Musical Helps, by CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, ANNIE LOUISE CARV, CHRISTINE NILSSON, SIMS REEVES, and others. "How to Keep City Boarders," by KATE UPSON CLARK—and hundreds of other good things for the autumn and winter numbers.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

D. S. Williamson had horse to fall over the cliff Thursday, breaking a couple of ribs and otherwise injuring him.

Breast pins, Necklaces, Rings, Button hooks, &c, dirt cheap for two weeks. The Fair 35 S. Limestone st. Springfield, O.

Miss Effie Stormont accompanied Mrs. McMillan to Monmouth, Ill., this week. She will spend her summer vacation at that place.

Miss Mattie Bromagen went to Dunkerville, Ill., this week to visit friends. She will before returning home attend the Normal at Princeton, Ind.

Miss Cora Farris, who has been visiting at Mr. D. S. Ervin's, started home Thursday. She will stop en route to visit friends in Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

A number from here and Jamestown were entertained at the hospitable home of the Misses Nagley Thursday evening, the occasion being in honor of Miss Mattie's sixteenth birthday.

Jas. B. Winter this week received a pension of \$12 a month through his attorney, S. A. Galbreath. Mr. Galbreath has acted as pension agent only a short time but has been more successful than any other one in the county.

The republicans of Cedarville Township are requested to meet at the Mayor's office Saturday evening June 6th at 7 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend a delegate convention at Xenia June 13th. Every republican in the township is earnestly solicited to be present.

T. B. Andrew
Central Committeeman.

The suit by Frank Tarbox, administrator of Sallie Jones, deceased, against the P. C. & St. Ry. Co., for \$10,000 damages was tried and concluded in Common Pleas court Wednesday. The jury was out from 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the evening when it returned a verdict of \$100 for the plaintiff. This will probably end the suit.

The programme laid down by the G. A. R. of this place for today will be interesting. They have secured the Woody Bros. Male Quartette to furnish the music for the occasion. Meeting at the opera house at 2 o'clock p. m. the following program will be observed:

Reading of General Order by the Adjutant; Music; Prayer by Rev. Tufts; Music; Address by Dr. Pettine, of Xenia; Music; Benediction.

After the exercises at the opera house the G. A. R. and its auxiliary orders will repair to the different cemeteries and strew the graves with flowers.

Constable Tarbox who is considered something of a detective, had better be looking out for his laurels or they will be taken away from him as Henry Barber is now doing efficient work in that line and is making rapid advancement. Of course last Sunday's work was not exactly in that line but it shows his courage and what might be expected of him under trying circumstances, but he rivalled old Sleuth himself in securing evidence in the safe blowing that occurred at Crouse's meat store some time since.

Higher prices. Take your Butter and Eggs to Bird's Store, and get higher prices than at any other store in town.

Gil. Morton and wife were in Cincinnati this week.

Nolan Gaines and wife, of Dayton, visited Mrs. Montague, who is quite sick.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Manor, yesterday morning, a handsome 10 pound boy.

Rev. T. B. Turnbull, of Argyle, New York, is the guest of relatives at this place.

Misses Nellie Gordon and Estella Spencer were in Selma Wednesday with millinery goods.

It now takes two constables to attend cases in this township. One to summons and one to countermand the orders.

E. I. McGregor, of Cincinnati, was the guest of Chas. Nesbit last Sunday. He came to attend the commencement.

John A. Mitchell is now agent for the New Departure toungeless corn cultivator, with either wood or steel beam, he also keeps repairs. This cultivator is warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

One of his twenty children, previous wives was thirty-nine, an entire twenty lived under the paternal roof. The young wife reared all of twenty that were young enough to rear, besides caring for the five of her own, the oldest of whom but twenty when she left their father. The family of thirty-five kept together for many years after their death, and if the patriarchal family had a few months longer he would have been a hundred.

Frank Tarbox and Miss Lola Townsley were united in marriage Tuesday evening at the M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. Tufts. Only the most intimate friends of the bride and groom were present to witness the marriage ceremony. The HERALD unites with the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Tarbox in extending congratulations.

LADIES

In buying your Millinery don't fail to visit
Barber & McMillan.

Greene Co. W. C. T. U. Quarterly Meeting

The quarterly meeting of the Greene county Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the M. E. Church at Bowersville, Friday June 5th, 1891. The meeting will be open at 9:30 and continue through the day and evening. A cordial invitation is extended to every one to attend.

PROGRAMME.

9:30 a. m. Devotional exercises, led by Mrs. Kizzie Smith.

10 a. m. Opening of convention; roll call of officers; reading of minutes; appointment of committees; report of county superintendents, local unions and treasurers; unfinished business; adjournment.

12 m. Noon tide hour of prayer led by Mrs. H. L. Monroe, state president.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1:30 p. m. Devotional exercises led by Miss Lizzie Irvin.

2 p. m. Reading of minutes of previous session; report of committee of credentials.

2:10 p. m. Paper of Scientific Temperance Instruction by Dr. C. D. Ellis.

2:30 p. m. Discussion of the Sabbath Observance question opened by Mrs. Anna Overholser. Collection.

3 p. m. Flower mission work opened by a paper by a member of the Jamestown Y. M. C. A.

3:15 p. m. Question box.

3:45 p. m. Miscellaneous business.

4 p. m. Adjournment.

EVENING SESSION.

7:30. Devotional exercises. Address of the evening by Mrs. H. L. Monroe, state pres.

Mrs. M. E. B. Dodds

Pres.

Mary Murdock, Sec'y.

"Sweet, Orr"
overall. Best in the world at
Stormont & Co.

DRESS GOODS.

Summer dress goods of this year are somewhat different from the past few seasons in the way satteens are to be replaced by challies and gingham. Challies are in any grade from 5 cents a yard, up to 75 cents a yard. At 5 cents you can get an endless variety of good styles in both dark and light grounds, and at 20 cents we sell the best makes of all wool filling. This is the most popular grade, as they have the effect of the finest French goods made. In gingham the assortments are almost without end. 10 cents buys a nice dress gingham and 12 1-2 cents a line American zepher gingham and in fine French gingham the styles and qualities are beautiful, 25 cents a yard for the very finest qualities. We have a good thing in a plaid serge, 36 inches wide, at 12 1-2 cents a yard which looks like a 50 cent woolen goods when made up. JOBE BROS & Co, Xenia.

Screen Doors at A. Jackson's.

Mrs. Russ McCollum, of Tennessee, is visiting Mrs. Will Blair.

The commencement exercises of the Clifton high school was held in the Presbyterian church at that place. At 2 o'clock about four hundred persons had found their way to the church. The room was nicely decorated with flowers and ever greens adorned the pillars in the rear of the pulpit. Suspended above was the class motto, "Paulatin" in letters of snowy whiteness entwined in a ribbon of cedar. Foreman's orchestra, of Springfield, was present and while they played, the graduating class accompanied by Superintendent Collins, and the school board took their places on the platform. The class consisted of Misses Fannie Berg, Anna Alexander, Mary Bradfute and Will Berg. The young ladies were all dressed in white and made an elegant appearance. The essays were well delivered and each graduate as he or she concluded, was presented with numerous presents and bouquets of flowers. The diplomas were presented by R. J. Cory, president of the board, in a short speech, which was warmly applauded. President Long of Antioch, delivered the class address, and, as is always the case, interested his audience. He took, one after the other, the subjects selected by the class for their papers, and gave striking illustrations of their truth. In fact the entire program was excellent. The citizens of Clifton are to be congratulated upon the high standard of their school.

Harness oil, coal oil, machine oil, at Andrew Bro & Co.

Good second-handed binders and mowers good as new at Andrew Bro & Co.

Bananas, Oranges and Lemons at Bull's.

Rock Salt at Bull's.

Dried Beef at Bull's.

Window glass at Bull's.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Carpets in Roll

Special low prices.
Stormont & Co.

The When

One of the largest and finest Stores in the state. You Will find the most magnificent stock

OF
SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING, HATS
AND
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING'S.

All goods marked in plain figures, and prices guaranteed to be below all Competition or money refunded without discussion. We are always ready and anxious to make our guarantee good. We manufacture our own goods and save you one profit. Call and see our handsome store and our goods, whether you wish to purchase anything or not.

THE WHEN.

To the People of Cedarville and Vicinity

E. A. Neff

Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE & ETC.

44 S. Market St. Springfield O.

Just opened last fall with an entire new stock. It will pay you to call and examine his line of Dinner Ware, Chamber set, Cut Glass, Bric-a-brac etc. at prices that cannot be beat anywhere else in the city

"DECORATION."

Now is your chance Your choice of all our \$6' \$8' and \$10 Suits for \$5. We now can sell all G. A. R. and S. of V. suits

The Best Grade

At \$7 50

Just received a large shipment of the latest styles of Straw Hats. Our line of Ties never was equaled in this town before, we have 500 to select from, all new. Everything goes cheap next week.

J. E. LOWRY.

Charley Gilbert is visiting friends in De Graff, O., this week.

For two weeks we will sell chamber sets (warrented) at one half what other stores ask for them, in order to close them out. The Fair 35 S. Limestone st. Springfield, O.

George Barber went to Chicago this week and will work at Pullman.

Mrs. Riley Stormont is visiting her married daughter in Xenia this week.

It will pay to take your Butter and Eggs to Bird's Store.

Prohibition Convention. Greene County Prohibition Convention will be held in Cedarville in Ervin & Williamson's hall Monday June first at 2 o'clock to appoint delegates to State Convention and transact other important business. All Prohibitionists in the County are invited to be present. By order of Ex. Committee.

Ladies Oxfords

from 60 cents up at
Stormont & Co.

S. L. Walker this week brought in to the Herald office a curiosity in the way of a radish, which had grown through a stone pipe. The pipe was almost covered by the radish which had grown about it.

Mr. H. O. Henderson of De Graff, O., was the guest of Miss Lena Gilbert last week.

Miss Minnie Snyp, of Yellow Springs, is the guest of Miss Lena Gilbert this week.

Miss Jane Turnbull Turnbull, sister of Joseph and Marshall Turnbull died at her residence Tuesday evening, of heart failure. The deceased was forty eight years of age and had been a resident of this county all her life. The funeral services were held at the residence yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock conducted by Rev. Robb, of Jamestown after which the body was buried in the Casser creek cemetery.

Bargains in Queensware at Bird's Store.

The most complete line of Men, Women, Misses and Children fine Shoes. You will find at Bird's.

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